

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

AND

THE PRINTING MACHINE,

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1835.

No. 79.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

CLEANLINESS; AIR, EXERCISE, AND DIET.

No. III.

NATURE does not readily brook an ungrateful neglect of her favours; and in many instances we find, that if we do not make the best acknowledgment of her bounty which a dependant can pay,—the thankful use of it, it is gradually withdrawn. We have muscles to move our limbs withal; but if we idly lay our limbs at rest, the muscles fail, and the power is lost. If we walk not, we become unable to walk. Nor is the loss of the mere power of locomotion all we must endure as the consequence of our indolence; the weakness spreads by degrees, and ultimately the whole constitution suffers. Do we find,—can we even imagine, life and motion separate? So much the reverse, that they have been guessed to be identical; and it is apparent to us all, that vigour of life and energy of action are mutual cause and effect.

"EXERCISE," says Dr Robertson, "IS SERVICEABLE—in strengthening the system, adding power to every fibre, and giving increased energy to every vessel;—in promoting the secretion of the fluids, which are necessary for the chymification of the ingesta; in promoting the separation of the nutriment, or chyle, from the chymous mass; in promoting the secretion of bile, which, the natural purgative, is required to carry the residuary or excrementitious matter through the intestines; in promoting the secretion of the mucus from the lining membrane of the bowels which prevents the mass of foreign matters in them from irritating their susceptible tissue; in promoting the passage of the chyle through the vessels (the lacteals and thoracic duct), which carry it into the blood; in quickening the circulation of the blood, and therefore the respiration, and thereby increasing the amount of the secretions and excretions, and so relieving the system from foreign matters which, if retained, might be hurtful to it; in promoting the absorption of old structures and the deposition of new structures in their place. All this exercise is able to do, ay, and more than this; for by thus promoting excretion, and particularly that of the skin, the nervous system is freed from anything like a loaded condition; by these means the circulation of the blood is equalised—partial distributions of it, local congestions, prevented; and, by the increased rapidity with which the blood is made to flow through the vessels of the brain, without any approach to an undue gorging of those vessels,—from the marvellous, and to us inexplicable sympathy which subsists between the mind and the body,—exercise quickens the mental faculties, rouses the mind's energies, disperses gloom and despondency, paints on the mental retina the world and its affairs in all the glowing and bright colours of cheerfulness, throws its cares into a distant and misty background, while its pleasures and its joys are advanced to the foreground of the picture, and the bright green spots of by-gone happiness are placed vividly in their native sunniness before the mind; and fairy scenes of imaginative hope lend to the

future a brightness, and impart to the mind a delight, which the absolute realisation of every such hope could not go beyond, and in all human probability would never equal."

"And nature enables exercise to accomplish all this,—to effect so much, by the simplest contrivances. The vessels are provided with valves; particularly those which carry fluids in a direction opposite to that of gravity. The consequence is, that any external pressure on these vessels assists in propelling their contents forwards, the valves preventing their retrogression. Now, the vessels which absorb the chyle from the digesting mass are each, at short distances, furnished with these valves. Every motion of the trunk, every flexure of the body, every inspiration in which the abdominal muscles are called into active play, must drive the chyle faster through them, and cause it the sooner to enter the blood. And then it is whirled on to the heart, thence to the lungs, and through the system; not at the ordinary rate of speed at which it would move were the man at rest; for the veins, or vessels, which bring the blood from the system back again to the heart, are likewise furnished with these valves; and thus the contraction of each muscle in moving the arms and legs, and in supporting and bending the trunk, all drive the blood on through these vessels; and carried quicker to the heart, that organ is roused into quicker contractions; and the blood being driven more rapidly through the lungs, renders a more full and more frequent supply of air necessary to arterialise it, and consequently the respirations become deeper and quicker; carried back from the lungs to the heart with this increasing velocity, it is driven more rapidly through the system; and its organs of secretion and excretion, obedient to the increased impulse, to the quicker supply of blood, pour forth more quickly and in greater quantity the several products which it is their destination to form from the blood—whether directly excrementitious, and therefore at once to be discharged; or ordained, in the first place, to fulfil some office in the economy, as the mixing with, or the solution of the food, or the extraction of nourishment from it; or to lubricate the membranes, moisten the tendons, &c.; or to form new textures, new tissues, new organs, and to make up for the wear and tear which every part is each moment undergoing."

So much for the effect of exercise. We will not spoil Dr Robertson's most eloquent and copious summary, by adding other words. Next as to its practicability. We have said that much time is frequently wasted in bed, and that a portion of that time might be more beneficially employed. Much may be done also by an ingenious economy. "Use all the muscles," says Dr Robertson. Now, swimming is an exercise in which nearly every muscle in the

* This is very well and truly observed. Our happiness consists more in our capacity for it, than in the amount of external agents. How often do we see a man who has every good fortune but the power to enjoy it; perhaps that deprivation owing to a niggardly use of soap, of shoe leather, or too profuse an indulgence at the table! How often do we see a "poor devil," as he will call himself, who lives where and how he can, whose wardrobe is an old silk handkerchief, whose pantry his coat, who wears out more shoes than he can buy, and cannot pay for all the little he uses, and yet is "the happiest fellow under the sun!" Such a man takes plenty of exercise.

† A Popular Treatise on Diet and Regimen, by W. H. Robertson, p. 79.

body is brought into action; the rubbing down afterwards is an excellent exercise; if this be done too in the open air, three of the main ingredients of health are being obtained at the same time, each the more beneficially for the others.

Walking may generally be made use of some part of the day. It is one of the best of exercises, the more especially as it appeals directly to the action of the digestive organs. The arms may be exercised by the very simple process of flourishing them about with some degree of animation. Sir John Malcolm used to astonish the sailors by going upon deck every morning, and boxing and kicking the unconscious zephyr. Unless their abstract respect for his accomplishments and his excellent nature were too great, perhaps they might have thought "the gentleman" very absurd; but Sir John attributed his unfailing health to his unfailing perseverance in that practice while confined on board-ship. In India he did not suffer from the climate; but he disregarded the idea that exercise was impossible or improper in a hot country. In Guiana, Dr Hancock testifies to the use of exercise in counteracting the enervating effects of heat. To what can we attribute the power of enduring the dreadful hardships (such as would have been thought intolerable, had they not been actually tolerated), undergone by Franklin and his companion heroes, unless to the perpetual exercise they were compelled to use?

For a familiar instance, look at a common twopenny postman, particularly in a busy place, but out of town. The butcher is a jovial man; but he looks hot and over-fed. The baker is a sturdy fellow, but the bake-house injures him in spite of his daily rounds. The grocer, the buttermilk man, though they taste of a change of air in their taxed carts, are paler and genteeler still. But the postman! What unfailing energy! You hear a brisk measured tread,—that of a heavy man, whose legs are strong in proportion to the weight they carry. The doorsteps spoil not the *andante allegro* of his pad; up or down, or straight along, it is ever the same rapid succession of dual raps on the ground, like Time impersonated in a human clock. It stops; and a pair of raps at the door,—a *knocker-clap*,—startle the whole house, shaking the maid down the stairs, like an apple from a tree top; rattling the silver in the reticule above, and the coppers in the leather bag. With a pair of possessive stamps he turns his back to the door, exulting in the power of his connection with imperious old Time, and enjoying his moment's leisure by a glance round at what is going forward. The door opens; and ere it has quite turned on its hinges, he is round upon his heels, with a letter extended, and his dissyllabic demand of "three pence"—not *thrippence* as we generally call it, for that would not be so distinct, nor such a good vent for his exuberant energy, nor so suitable to his binal knock. The silver and copper rattle their intercourse—a short compliment, systematically brief; a giggle from the maid, and she is left at the open door, and the feet again tick upon the pavement, till terminated by a remoter knocker-clap a door or two on.

Go and talk to that postman. He is a stout fellow—not fat. His calves will not shake as he walks; but at the slightest action, the ready muscles contract and play their compact bulk in most orderly

intricacies. His complexion is clear, his voice strong; and he will tell you that he is never ill; though he is out in all weathers, and is not averse from his glass. But business, and a habit of steadiness, keep him sober. He is, perhaps, a waiter at private dinners, or gives lessons in boxing, in the intervals of business; yet he comes round three times a day, and goes as often to London. That man walks more than any in the town.

Reader, look at that shoemaker. Not that old cobbler, who has not a great deal to do, yet has to walk far and wide for his odd jobs; but that shoemaker's journeyman, whose master has a steady business—that pale, grave-looking man, whom you meet on Sundays, dressed in rusty blue; who finds his walk to meeting twice in the day, and to fetch and carry his work to and from the shop on week-days,—as much as his legs will enable him to accomplish. That man is ever sitting still.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXIX. — HORACE WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION AND BEHAVIOUR OF LORD FERRERS, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ITALY.

THERE can be no doubt that the unhappy subject of the following narrative, whose misfortune it was to be unchecked by the wants and involuntary temperance of the less prosperous, was a man with a very diseased state of blood; but it is so hazardous in society to pronounce, beforehand, whether such men are or are not to be treated as insane, and the line is so difficult to be drawn between the responsible and irresponsible degrees of morbidity, that the treatment of them forms one of the problems of moral legislation. The truth is, that in this, as in so many other cases, the general system of moral and social training must be improved, before security can be looked for in the particular.]

WHAT will your Italians say to a Peer of England, of one of the best families, tried, for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomised? This must seem a little odd to them; especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob, as to fall in love with a criminal, merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution. I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with mere intrepidity.—I never adored criminals, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him—not at all pity him.—I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connection there is between any man's sense and his sensibility—so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers having any ascendancy over his passions, I am disposed to think that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance. What might not a creature of such capacity, and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he had been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom, who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith*, had no fortune, and, he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.† He had a mistress before, and two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of parliament, which appointed receivers of his estates in order to

secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder I did not tell you—indeed, while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you; for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass, before it reached yours, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandage, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the Earl heard that the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the Court. Many of the Lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. I have heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords, he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts; but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently, his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at piquet with the wardours, and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede, that at least he might have more porter; “for,” said he, “what I have is not a draught.” His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the Earl, “Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!” A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very frantic race; and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week, my Lord Keeper very good-naturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. “Sir,” said the Keeper, “I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man.”—“With all my heart,” said the King. “I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me.” However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but, unfortunately, it now appears to be law that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, “To be sure he may before conviction.”

Dr Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop; but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had another relation, who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon,* aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The Earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him; and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone. The Earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted whether he should permit it. “Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!” In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop; and he took leave of his children the day before. He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis on some of these requests;

they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said, “he thought this at least a good occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made.” He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak, angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been boast—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fall—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine amidst crowds—thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards on each side; the other sheriff's carriage followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand.

How will you decypher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening, everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account; but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said,—“But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.” One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said,—“I hope there will be no death to-day but mine;” and was pleased when Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. “On the contrary,” said the Earl, “I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.” The Chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the Chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his Lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The Earl replied,—“He had done everything he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir,” said he to the clergyman, “shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive.” The clergyman still insisted, and urged that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience,—“Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me. What do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you; I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion. I will not fall into the same error.” The Chaplain, seeing it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least, to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied,—“I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please.”

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The Sheriff said he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk. “And though,” said he, “my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which I am sure will weigh with you. Your Lordship is sensible of

* Sir William Meredith, Bart., of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct.

† She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. She was unfortunately burnt to death at Lord Frederick's seat, Combe Bank, in Kent.

* Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl Ferrers. (Selina Shirley, second daughter and co-heiress of Washington Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus Hastings, ninth Earl of Huntingdon. She was the peculiar patroness of enthusiasts of all sorts in religion.)

the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire." He replied he was satisfied, adding,—"Then I must be content with this," and took some pig-tail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him it was impossible, from the crowd, to get her up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to him. "My Lord," said Vaillant, "you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think 'tis pity to venture unmanly yourself." He was struck, and was satisfied with seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do;" and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, "It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop watch, and a pretty accurate one." He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs Clifford, his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regard, saying, "The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it." He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened he stepped out readily, and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment in prayer, said, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors," and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it; his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me: the man, the manners of the country, the justice &c so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history.

In a subsequent letter, Walpole says,—

That wonderful creature, Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read 'Hamlet' to him the night before his death, after he was in bed—paid all his bills in before the morning, as if leaving an inn; and half an hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower, in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph, *dubius sed non improbus viui*. What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue!

HAROUN ALRASCHID.

Haroun sat about three and twenty years upon the Moslem throne. As to his person, he was tall, corpulent, and of a fair complexion; he had thick, bushy hair, which had begun to grow grey, a handsome face, and a black beard; his head he took care to have shaved as often as he performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. He obliged Masek, the author of the famous book entitled 'Mawtha,' to write an explication of that piece; who, when the khalif would have shut the door of the chamber wherein that explication was made, boldly told him, that knowledge was of no manner of service to the great, except they communicated it to those of a lower degree.—*Universal History*.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLETT.

NO. XXV.—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

This is a play that in spite of the change of manners and prejudices still holds undisputed possession of the stage. Shakspeare's malignant has outlived Mr Cumberland's benevolent Jew. In proportion as Shylock has ceased to be a popular bugbear, "baited with the rabble's curse," he becomes a half-favourite with the philosophical part of the audience, who are disposed to think that Jewish revenge is at least as good as Christian injuries. Shylock is a good hater; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depository of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness," with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathising with the proud spirit, hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and labouring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the fierceness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him, but even at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favour of him, and Shylock reminds them that "on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these courtesies request he'll lend them so much monies"—Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment—

"I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too."

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy, or the blindest prejudice; and the Jew's answer to one of Antonio's friends, who asks him what his pound of forfeit flesh is good for, is irresistible—

"To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian

wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. Take the following as an instance:—

"SHYLOCK. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?"

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part;
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?"

The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties; and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an equal degree of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, whom he loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first present to Leah, his wife! "I would not have parted with it" (the ring which he first gave her) "for a wilderness of monkeys!" What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression!

Portia is not a very great favourite with us; neither are we in love with her maid, Nerissa. Portia has a certain degree of affectation and pedantry about her, which is very unusual in Shakspeare's women, but which perhaps was a proper qualification for the office of a "civil doctor," which she undertakes and executes so successfully. The speech about Mercy is very well; but there are a thousand finer ones in Shakspeare. We do not admire the scene of the caskets; and object entirely to the Black Prince Morocchio. We should like Jessica better if she had not deceived and robbed her father, and Lorenzo, if he had not married a Jewess, though he thinks he has a right to wrong a Jew. The dialogue between this newly-married couple by moonlight, beginning, "On such a night," &c., is a collection of classical elegancies. Launcelot, the Jew's man, is an honest fellow. The dilemma in which he describes himself placed between his "conscience and the fiend," the one of which advises him to run away from his master's service, and the other to stay in it, is exquisitely humorous.

Gratiano is a very admirable subordinate character. He is the jester of the piece: yet one speech of his, in his own defence, contains a whole volume of wisdom.

"ANTONIO. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano,

A stage, where every one must play his part;
And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion:
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion."

Gratiano's speech on the philosophy of love, and the effect of habit in taking off the force of passion, is as full of spirit and good sense. The graceful winding-up of this play in the fifth act, after the tragic business is despatched, is one of the happiest instances of Shakespeare's knowledge of the principles of the drama. We do not mean the pretended quarrel between Portia and Nerissa and their husbands about the rings, which is amusing enough, but the conversation just before and after the return of Portia to her own house, beginning "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank," and ending "Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion, and would not be awaked." There is a number of beautiful thoughts crowded into that short space, and linked together by the most natural transitions.

When we first went to see Mr Kean in Shylock, we expected to see, what we had been used to see, a decrepid old man, bent with age and ugly with mental deformity, grinning with deadly malice, with the venom of his heart congealed in the expression of his countenance, sullen, morose, gloomy, inflexible, brooding over one idea, that of his hatred, and fixed on one unalterable purpose, that of his revenge. We were disappointed, because we had taken our idea from other actors, not from the play. There is no proof there that Shylock is old, but a single line, "Bassanio and old Shylock, both stand forth,"—which does not imply that he is infirm with age—and the circumstance that he has a daughter marriageable, which does not imply that he is old at all. It would be too much to say that his body should be made crooked and deformed to answer to his mind, which is bowed down and warped with prejudices and passion. That he has but one idea is not true; he has more ideas than any other person in the piece: and if he is intense and inveterate in the pursuit of his purpose, he shows the utmost elasticity, vigour, and presence of mind, in the means of attaining it. But so rooted was our habitual impression of the part from seeing it caricatured in the representation, that it was only from a careful perusal of the play itself that we saw our error. The stage is not in general the best place to study our author's characters in. It is too often filled with traditional common-place conceptions of the part, handed down from sire to son, and suited to the taste of the great vulgar and the small.—"Tis an unweeded garden: things rank and gross do merely gender in it!" If a man of genius comes once in an age to clear away the rubbish, to make it fruitful and wholesome, they cry, "Tis a bad school: it may be like nature, it may be like Shakespeare, but it is not like us." Admirable critics!

ADMIRABLE BEHAVIOUR OF THE CELEBRATED DR CULLEN AS A TEACHER.

DR CULLEN (says Chalmers's account of him, quoted from Dr Anderson's "Bee") was so attentive to his scholars, and the interest he took in the private concerns of all those students who applied to him for advice, was so cordial and so warm, that it was impossible for any one who had a heart susceptible of generous feelings, not to be enraptured with attentions so uncommon and kind. The general conduct of Cullen to his students was this. With all such as he observed to be attentive and diligent, he formed an early acquaintance, by inviting them by twos, by threes, or by fours at a time, to sup with him, conversing with them on these occasions with the most engaging ease, and freely entering with them on the subject of their studies, their amusements, their difficulties, their hopes, and future prospects. In this way, he usually invited the whole of his numerous class, till he made himself acquainted with their abilities, their private character, and their objects of pursuit. Those among

them whom he found most assiduous, best disposed, or the most friendless, he invited most frequently, till an intimacy was gradually formed, which proved highly beneficial to them. Their doubts with regard to their objects of study he listened to with attention, and solved with the most obliging condescension. His library, which consisted of an excellent assortment of the best books, especially on medical subjects, was at all times open for their accommodation; and his advice, in every case of difficulty to them, they always had it in their power most readily to obtain. They seemed to be his family; and few persons of distinguished merit have left the university of Edinburgh in his time, with whom he did not keep up a correspondence till they were fairly established in business. By these means, he came to have a most accurate knowledge of the state of every country, with respect to practitioners in the medical line: the only use he made of which knowledge, was to direct students in their choice of places, where they might have an opportunity of engaging in business with a reasonable prospect of success. Many, very many, able men has he thus placed in situations of business which they never could have thought of themselves; and some of them even now are reaping the fruits of this beneficent foresight on his part.

Nor was it in this way only that he befriended the students at the University of Edinburgh. Possessing a benevolence of mind that made him ever think first of the wants of others, and recollecting the difficulties that he himself struggled with in his younger days, he was at all times singularly attentive to their pecuniary concerns. From his general acquaintance among the students, and the friendly habits he was in with many of them, he found no difficulty in discovering those among them who were rather in low circumstances, without being obliged to hurt their delicacy in any degree. To such persons, when their habits of study admitted of it, he was peculiarly attentive. They were more frequently invited to his house than others; they were treated with more than usual kindness and familiarity; they were conducted to his library, and encouraged by the most delicate address to borrow from it freely whatever books he thought they had occasion for: and, as persons in these circumstances were usually more shy in this respect than others, books were sometimes pressed upon them with a sort of constraint, by the doctor insisting to have their opinion of such or such passages they had not read, and desiring them to carry the book home for that purpose. He in short behaved to them rather as if he courted their company, and stood in need of their acquaintance, than they of his. He thus raised them in the opinion of their acquaintance to a much higher degree of estimation than they could otherwise have obtained, which, to people whose minds were depressed by penury, and whose sense of honour was sharpened by the consciousness of an inferiority of a certain kind, was singularly engaging. Thus were they inspired with a secret sense of dignity, which elevated their minds, and excited an uncommon ardour of pursuit, instead of that melancholy inactivity which is so natural in such circumstances, and which too often leads to despair. Nor was he less delicate in the manner of supplying their wants, than attentive to discover them. He often found out some polite excuse for refusing to take a payment for a first course of lectures, and was never at a loss for one to an after-course; and by other delicate expedients he befriended those young men whose circumstances were not equal to their merit and industry. It was also a constant rule with him never to take fees as a physician from any student in the university; yet, when called in, he attended them with the same assiduity as if they had been persons of the first rank, who paid him most liberally. This gradually induced others to adopt a similar practice; so that it became a general rule for medical professors to decline taking any fees when their assistance was necessary to a student. For this useful reform, with many others, the students of the University of Edinburgh are solely indebted to the liberality of Dr Cullen.

The following anecdote, relating to this subject, is not unamusing. A medical student, who lodged in the same house with Dr Anderson, the agriculturist, in 1760, and who attended at that time a course of lectures given by one of the medical professors, but who never had attended Cullen's class, happened to be seized with the small-pox, which necessarily detained him from the class, and prevented him for the time from receiving any benefit from these lectures. At the beginning of the disorder, the young man, who was bulky, and in a full habit of body, was sick, and very uneasy. He naturally called in his own professor as a physician; but in a short time the sickness abated, and the small-pox, of the most favourable kind, made their appearance, after which no idea of danger could be apprehended. In this state of things, the whole family were very much surprised to find that the patient called in the assistance of Dr Cullen; but he said he had reasons for this conduct, that he knew they would approve of when he should state them, though he declined to do it then. By and by, he became quite well; so that there could be no pretext for the physician's visiting him any longer. In this situation, he

watched his opportunity; and when the physicians were both present, he thanked Dr Cullen for the assistance he had given, and offered him money: but this, as he had foreseen, Cullen positively declined. After gently entreating him to take it, and not being able to prevail, he turned to his own professor, and in like manner offered him money. But this, for shame, he could not possibly accept, though it was not known that this gentleman had ever before refused a fee when offered to him.

Dr Cullen's personal appearance, though striking and not unpleasant, was not elegant. His countenance was expressive, and his eye in particular remarkably lively, and at times wonderfully penetrating. In his person he was tall and thin, stooping very much. When he walked, he had a contemplative look, and did not seem much to regard the objects around him.

THE ALPINE HORN.

Dream-peopling shades the valleys fill,
The peaceful shades of even;
The mountain summits, sunlit still,
Look proudly into heav'n;
On Echo's thousand voices borne,
Hark, Herdsmen! to the Alpine horn!
Up the cliff and down the dell,
Hear the holy summons swell,

"Praise God, the Lord!"

Ye rocks and everlasting mountains;
Ye pure and ever-murmuring fountains;
Ye roe-bucks starting with a bound,
Then side-long gazing at the sound;
Ye torrents! clap your hands and sally
With loud songs into the valley;
Pines, that look down o'er the steep,
Winds that wake, and winds that sleep;
While the sunbeams wax more dim,
Wed your voices to the hymn,

"Praise God, the Lord!"

Now solemn stillness reigns around,
A stillness spirits feel;
With deep devotion bosoms bound,
Th' uncover'd herdsmen kneel!
From lips that scarcely seem to part,
Ascends the worship of the heart;
From each cottage threshold there,
Rises the incense sweet of pray'r,
To God, the Lord!

"We bow the head—we bend the knee
Ruler of earth and heaven, to THEE!
Still thy guardian wing expand
O'er our households—o'er our land:
God of truth and liberty!
Keep our vales and mountains free:
In this sweetest spot of earth,
Peace be seated on each hearth;
Thine we would be—thine we ARE—
Keep us with a father's care,"
O God, the Lord!"

St. Gothard marks the last ray set;
Giant Jura proudly wears,
Mid heav'n's blue, a coronet
Of silent, bright, adoring stars;
While o'er the vales deep shadows roll,
And call the night-watch of the soul:
Again! on echo's voices borne,
Hark! Herdsmen! to the Alpine horn!
Good night—good night

The salutation, chaste and free,
Wakes every sensibility—
Friend! Compatriot! Father! Mother!
Dearest Bertha! Sister! Brother!
All loves and charities attend
Your couch of slumber—softly blend
The hues of bliss in each pure dream!
Till woke by morning's cheerful beam.
The peace of God be your retreat,
Life's soother and sole paraclete!
Good night! good night!

Now, in sweet serenity,
Tho' the Lanwine leans above,
Suspending death, the herdsmen lie
Safe in the arms of faith and love,

Like trusting babes fond mothers wrap,
And watch their slumberers on the lap:
Peace, herdsmen! peace—the Alpine horn,
Mid heav'n's own calm, hath gently borne
The last "Good night!"
Oh! homesteads dear of pastoral joy,
Thrice peaceful may your children lie,
Till by morn's pearly feet are trod—
The everlasting hills of God;
Till th' eye of heaven looks bright on earth,
And honey-bees raise hum of mirth,
And streams bring music from their spring,
And, touch'd with joy, each living thing
Owns the dominion of the skies,
And pray'r and praise again arise—
Till then, "Good night!"

VENETIAN LEGEND.

In the year 1341, an inundation, of many days continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and, during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the *Riva di San Marco*. The storm was yet raging, when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would ferry him over to San San Giorgio Maggiore. "Who," said the fisherman, "can reach San Giorgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try!" But, as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed; and having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion, and ordered him to row to San Nicolo di Lido. The astounded fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a further confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At San Nicolo they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to go to the Two Castles at Lido. Though waves ran fearfully high, the old man by this time had become accustomed to them; and, moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew which either silenced his fears, or divested them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely

had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with Devils, who seemed hurrying, with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled; and the strangers crossing themselves, conjured the fiends to depart. At the word, the demoniacal galley vanished, and the three passengers were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare; and, before parting, he implied pretty clearly, that the sight of this miracle, after all, would be but bad pay. "You are right, my friend," said the first passenger, "go to the Doge and the Procuratori, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark; my companions are St. George and St. Nicholas. Desire the magistrates to pay you; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a schoolmaster at San Felice, who first bargained with the Devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair!" The fisherman, who seems to have had all his wits about him, answered that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed: upon which St. Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, "Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing." On the morrow, the fisherman did as he was told. The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses, which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial.—*History of Venice.*

TABLE TALK.

REVENGE AT ANY RATE.

Talking of display, half the court is in ecstasies about the romantic devotion of La Marquise de la Beaume to the memory of Duc de Candale. He was a great admirer of her's, and on his journey to and from Catalonia, invariably paused to pay his homage at Lyons, where she resided. She has cut off all her long fair hair, absolutely her principal ornament. There are always two sides to a story; and the other version is, that the beautiful hair was severed out of pique to the

husband, not out of tenderness to the lover's manes. The Marquis had, in a most husbandly and hard-hearted manner, refused his consent to a fête, which Madame's heart was set upon giving. The next morning, desirous of making his peace, and yet keeping his resolution, he entered while her toilette was going on, and began to admire the luxuriant and bright hair that fell over her shoulders. Without speaking a word, she snatched up the scissors, and, cutting off her curls with relentless rapidity.—"Voilà, Monsieur!" said she, throwing them towards him, and turning her back. "It puts me in mind," exclaimed Guido, "of one of our Italian harlequins, who, greatly enraged with some one beyond his reach, says, 'As I can't kill my enemy, I will kill myself—I must be revenged on some one.'"
—*Francesca Carrara.*

LUXURIES OF HORACE WALPOLE.

The bow-window room up one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the lower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows, the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each gluttled with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two and thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr Clute's college of arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sevigné's letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper with stripes adorned with feathers, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees, covered with linen of the same pattern, and a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with pines that shade half the window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass.

FINE INSTRUCTION.

The image of those he left behind dwelt in his soul, engrossing and filling it. They could no longer personally taunt nor injure him; but the thought of them, of all that they might say or do, haunted his mind; it was like an unreal strife of gigantic shadows beneath dark night, which, when you approach, dwindles into thin air, but which contemplated at a distance, fills the hemisphere with star-reaching heads, and steps that scale mountains.—*Lodore.*

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

LIFE OF LORD EXMOUTH.

The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By Edward Osler, Esq. 1 vol. post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

EDWARD PELLEW, Viscount Exmouth, was one of the many excellent naval commanders that carried the fame of England to so high a pitch during the last war. His name is inscribed with those of Nelson, St Vincent, Collingwood, Sidney Smith, Troubridge, and the rest; his victories and exploits are recorded in a hundred books and annals, and we can scarcely consider that this volume, which is so indifferently executed as by no means to increase his fame or the interest attaching to his story, was called for at the present moment.

There is scarcely a single point of information relating to his battles and public life, but may be found just as well told in the 'Naval Chronicles,' and in the 'Annual Registers;' and Mr Osler's style and arrangement as an historian are rather beneath than above those of the newspaper writers of the period. Having that admirable specimen of biography (as far as writing goes), Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' fresh in our recollection, we can scarcely tolerate such a heavy production as this.

We should have been thankful for some glimpses into the private life and ordinary "off-duty" character and conversation of the hero; for Edward Pellew was a man of many virtues and engaging qualities—a good brother, husband, and father, a warm-hearted friend, a pleasant talker over the ward-room table; and he is said by those who knew him well, to have had, at least at one time of his life, be-

fore he was artificialised by honours and titles and a congeries of orders and ribbons, a good deal of that originality of character that your true sailor is seldom without. But though Mr Osler talks of family sources of information, and of a correspondence extending over more than fifty years, which he says have supplied him with the chief materials "for a personal history," there is scarcely anything of this sort, and, indeed, strictly speaking, no personal history at all, the author having preferred to quote such passages from the letters as relate wholly to public affairs, or contain Pellew's opinions upon government and politics, subjects which the fortunate sailor's education and early prejudices did not well qualify him to discuss. We would speak with respect of the errors of a brave, and, in the main, a good man,—and the more so from seeing that his notions were those that most generally prevailed in his time, and that his errors were sanctioned by the highest examples; but we would rather not see them put forward now as incontrovertible proofs, as demonstrations of a lofty intelligence, and as a withering reproach of subsequent statesmen and their measures, which is the use Mr Osler makes of them. From the specimen before us we do not think the author could ever have made a good book; but this volume would have been more tolerable without his violent, ultra-Tory politics, which, as a system, have now no party in the kingdom to support them—for a few crazy fanatics do not make a party; and the Conservatives, now-a-days, instead of being identified with the Tories of thirty years ago, are in fact as liberal as were the Whigs of that period. Such is the real progress made by public opinion.

The Pellews were a decent burgher family long settled in the west of Cornwall, where, with the large majority of the county, which was then the least civilized part of England, they had sided, during the civil wars, with Charles I. against the Parliament. Humphry Pellew, the hero's grandfather, was a merchant who lost considerable property in America by the revolution there; and Samuel Pellew, his father, was Captain of a government packet on the Dover station, and an enthusiastic royalist besides.

"It was his practice," says our author, "to make his children drink the King's health on their knees every Sunday." And Mr Osler is of opinion that this laudable practice had a most beneficial effect on our hero's character and feelings in after-life.

Edward, the future Vice-Admiral of England and Viscount, was born at Dover, in a very humble house, on the 19th of April, 1757. Some of the most heroic men that ever lived were remarkable in their youth for the diffidence, quietness, and meekness of their disposition; but Mr Osler, following a recipe more generally used by biographers, makes Ned Pellew a hero in petticoats, and a fire-eater by the time he was breeched. According to this authority, he was much given to boxing, and "a fearlessness of character, and a strength beyond his years, enabled him to maintain a very respectable position among his school-fellows." On one occasion, however, "having inflicted a more severe punishment than was usual in juvenile combats," he was threatened with a flogging, to escape which he ran away, and declared he would go to sea directly. His maternal grandfather (for his father had been dead some years) vainly opposed

this step. The old gentleman, who had wished to place him in a merchant's counting-house, had some scruples and misgivings as to warfare in general.—"So, sir," said he, when the boy went to take his leave, "they are going to send you to sea! Do you know that you may be answerable for every enemy you kill? and, if I can read your character, you will kill a great many!" "Well, grandpapa," replied young Pellew, "and if I do not kill them, they'll kill me!"

We copy this wonderful passage, notes of admiration and all, from Mr Osler, who is no partaker in old Pellew's scruples, but evidently thinks that war is a glorious trade in all cases, and against whomsoever it may be carried on—provided only that a man have an Admiralty commission in his pocket. It is the promulgation and the prevalence among the people of opinions like these—it is the false honour everywhere paid to the sword, the epaulette, and the cocked hat, that tend even more than the thirst of conquest and the quarrels of despots to deluge this beautiful earth with blood. Let us be just. In nearly every war in which we have been engaged, the mass of the people have at first gone along with the government, and in many cases even hurried on the declaration of hostilities.

Edward Pellew was only thirteen years old when he went to sea, and all the schooling he got afterwards he must have picked up by himself. His first commander was Captain Stott, who had been boatswain to the bluff and bold Boscawen. "Stott," says our biographer, "was an excellent seaman, but unfortunately retained some habits not suited to his present rank. He kept a mistress on board." This is surely a strange setting-off of rank against morality! Does Mr Osler mean that had Stott been still only a boatswain he might have cruised with his mistress in all propriety? However this may be, owing to this woman, and some pet hens and chickens she kept on board, and which used to dirty the quarter-deck, young Pellew and another midshipman, named Frank Cole, quarrelled with Captain Stott and left the ship. Pellew next embarked in the *Blonde*, which, in 1775, carried out the imprudent and unlucky General Burgoyne, who confidently relied on speedily suppressing the American revolution, or, as Mr Osler still persists in calling it, "the American rebellion." Two years after, Burgoyne was obliged to surrender with his whole army, and Pellew who had been attached to that army, in the command of rafts and gun-boats, was taken prisoner with him.

In the interval, our hero had seen a deal of service, and more than the usual horrors of war, for, to the everlasting disgrace of those who ordered it, we turned loose upon our American brethren the Mohawks and other tribes of the red Indians, who committed all kinds of atrocities, among which scalping and maiming were about the least horrible. Even Mr Osler is compelled to acknowledge these atrocities.

Few men can bear to see their countrymen beaten, even when they are in the wrong; but after considering the composition of Burgoyne's army, we think that the most sensitive national pride may look on its defeat and surrender without any very acute feelings of regret or mortification. There were comparatively few Englishmen in its ranks, the mass of that army consisting of 3,200 German mercenaries, drawn from Hanover, Hesse, &c.; 2,000 Canadians, and 1,000 or 1,200 savages. But the men—the citizens against whom these hordes were led, were descended from ourselves, and were striving to be as free as we were: our own blood—the blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland—flowed in their veins; and taking this proper view of the case we ought to have blushed, and considered ourselves dishonoured in our descent, if they had not beaten their adversaries.

The courage, the activity and talent displayed by young Pellew in these disastrous circumstances are acknowledged on all sides, and it is supposed that the duties in which he was engaged on the American lakes, and in superintending the construction there of vessels and gun-boats, contributed greatly to form that technical and practical knowledge which was

afterwards so valuable to him. No man better knew the capabilities and qualities of a vessel, or by what causes her sailing qualities were improved or deteriorated. The ships he commanded were always in perfect trim;—he knew to a nicety what they could do:—but here, in justice to a much humbler officer, it ought to be mentioned, that he always had with him, as his master, from nearly the first day of his command to his final affair at Algiers, honest John Gaze, who was probably the best sailing-master then in the British service. Anybody at all acquainted with nautical affairs will feel the importance of this, and know how much always depends on the master. John Gaze must have been an old man at the time of that bombardment; but the way in which he carried Lord Exmouth's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, into action, and brought her up abreast of the Mole of Algiers, excited the admiration of all the professional men that beheld it.

We have not space, nor indeed is it at all necessary, to follow Edward Pellew through all his brilliant successes, and rapid promotions. After obtaining several advantages over French ships, he was made a Post-Captain in 1782, when he was only twenty-five years of age; but he had neglected nothing in the way of solicitation, and some of his letters to the Admiralty are such as many officers would not choose to write at the present time.

On the breaking out of the war of the French revolution, Pellew was appointed to the *Nymph*, a thirty-six-gun frigate, with which he shortly after took the republican frigate the *Cleopatra*. This was one of the fiercest battles fought during that long and dreadful war. Captain Mullen was the ablest officer France could boast, and as brave a man as Pellew. Each side fought with frantic enthusiasm, as if the cause of monarchy or republicanism hung on their sword's point, and the speculative opinions of millions of men could be for ever set to rest by the blazing of a certain number of cannons in the British Channel. The crew of the *Nymph* rushed into battle shouting "Long live King George!" and shaking out the standard of royalty; the crew of the *Cleopatra* received them with still louder shouts of "Long live the Republic!" and they screwed the cap of liberty to the mast-head of their frigate. Mullen was struck in the back by a cannon-ball, which carried away a great part of his left hip, and he died in the act of swallowing what he thought was his list of private signals; but in his hurry and confusion of ideas (surely to be pardoned at such a moment) he devoured his commission instead, and Pellew found the signal list, which was for some time of great service to him, in the Frenchman's pocket.

As the *Cleopatra* was the first frigate taken in this war, the impression made by the action, which we must call a gallant one, was immense; and this, added to former successes, gained for Pellew the reputation of being a "lucky man"—a prestige that never after forsook him. For ourselves, we have no belief in good luck, in the long run; and would substitute for it, talent, and calculation, and good warlike conduct, both in men and commanders; but we confess we would rather let the sailors' false idol "Luck" stand as it may be, than bring into these scenes of violence and blood the special Providence of an almighty and merciful Deity, as Mr Osler does on all occasions. Such a procedure is both sacrilegious and ridiculous, and it is the more sacrilegious from being so thoroughly ridiculous.

Men will fight less often and far less ferociously when they cease to believe that heaven is on their side, and that they are doing God service by cutting their fellow-creatures' throats. We have seen these special interpositions and visitations of Providence turned to the most absurd of accounts. In a borough-mongering town, where we passed some years of our youth, there was a sharply contested election, which was finally carried by the more liberal party, and this chiefly through the exertions of old Colonel A—, who, knowing the abuses that existed, had looked carefully into the vestry and churchwarden's books. During the first vestry meeting held after the election, the Colonel, in going to it, dropped down in a fit of apoplexy, and died in

the church-yard. On which the defeated faction exclaimed,—"this is a judgment!" But lo! at the very next meeting which was held, a leader of that very party died much in the same manner within the very walls of the vestry, and then their opponents cried out,—"This is a visitation!" while others said, "On whose side is Providence now?—for Whig or Tory?"

But Mr Osler is throughout a very bigoted and superstitious writer. He relates omens and tokens, and places faith in people's dreams; and believes (with Lord Exmouth) that the cholera morbus came to afflict us solely because we had reformed the House of Commons, and were talking of reforming the Church.

On the 29th of June, 1793, Captain Pellew was presented by the Earl of Chatham, then first Lord of the Admiralty, to his Majesty George III, who, after knighting him, presented "Sir Edward" to her Majesty, with this flattering remark (we quote the biography), "this is our friend." The next ship he commanded was the *Arethusa*, "the saucy *Arethusa*" which was made famous in one of Charles Dibdin's best sea songs. With her he took La Pomone, another fine French frigate, shortly after which he was removed to the *Indefatigable*, a sixty-four-gun-ship. It was in the month of January, 1796, while the *Indefatigable* was lying in Hamoaze, that Pellew performed a splendid action which merited for him the civic crown. The *Dutton*, a very large transport crowded with troops for the West Indies, was driven in by a tremendous storm, and fell a mastless, unmanageable wreck upon the shoals under the citadel. Sir Edward was on shore, and going at the time with his lady to dine at a neighbouring clergyman's; but, as soon as he learned what had happened, he jumped out of the carriage and ran down to the sea-side. As soon as he arrived at the beach his practised eye saw in an instant that the loss of nearly all on board, amounting to between five and six hundred souls, was inevitable unless some one put off to direct them. The sailors and principal officers of the ship, who were only under transport, or merchant-service discipline, had got on shore, and left the soldiers, who knew nothing of sea affairs, to manage for themselves. There were many women and children on board, and a considerable part of the troops were wasted by sickness. Having urged the master and mates of the *Dutton* to return, but without success, and having in vain offered rewards to the pilots, who all thought it too hazardous, Pellew said, "Then I will go myself;" and catching hold of the only rope the sailors had carried ashore, he caused himself to be dragged by the soldiers in the ship through the surf, and thus managed to get on board, though not without receiving some serious contusions from floating fragments of the wreck. There the most horrid confusion reigned; for the soldiers had got at the spirit-casks, and many of them were mad drunk. But one commanding spirit soon restored order. He declared himself—he drew his sword, and assumed the entire command. He assured the soldiers and the shrieking women that they would all be saved if they only quietly obeyed his orders; that he would be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run anyone through the body that dared to disobey him. His rank in the navy—his name, which his victories had made familiar to every man in the kingdom, had an immediate effect; the soldiers replied to his address by three hearty cheers, that were echoed by the crowd on the beach. Soon after two of his boats from the *Indefatigable* made a gallant attempt to get alongside of the *Dutton*, but this was impossible. A smaller boat, with a young midshipman and a mate, was more fortunate; and by means of these two brave men some additional ropes and hawsers were carried on shore, and one end of them secured there, while the other end was made fast to the wreck. Pellew then contrived cradles to be slung upon the hawsers, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach; and these cradles, each carrying a fixed number of persons, began to be set in motion. Meanwhile a cutter and two very large boats contrived to get near the Dut-

ton, and the more helpless of the passengers were hoisted over to them. Pellew, with his sword in hand, directed all these proceedings, and prevented any sudden rush. The children, the women, and the sick were removed first; then the soldiers, then the few of the crew who had remained, and then (being one of the very last to leave her) Sir Edward stepped over the ship's side and got safely to shore, whence, presently afterwards, he saw the wreck go to pieces. But his word had been fulfilled,—not a soul perished! Among the children thus saved was an infant only three weeks old; and Pellew used to say, that nothing had ever gone more sweetly to his heart than the rapturous joy and gratitude of this poor babe's young mother.

Sir Edward had a very active part in defeating the attempts of the French fleet and army upon Ireland, after the landing of their troops in August 1798, at Killala Bay. But here we are less pleased at finding him figuring as the most severe of disciplinarians, recommending and practising the instant execution of mutinous or discontented sailors, and as a violent partisan bent heart and soul on the forcible uprooting of the Catholic religion, and the extermination of the Irish rebels. He would not treat with them. No, not he! He would make no concessions—he would redress no grievances, because such things would only be an exhibition of weakness! He would not hear a word about Irish pledges and Catholic securities. "Securities!" he cried. "What nonsense! I never yet could see them, and I never shall." And then he went on to say that the times were awful, and that to admit Catholics into Parliament would be to surrender our Constitution. The whole of his declamation, for his red-hot zeal would not admit of an argument, came to this:—"We are the strongest, and we ought to oppress; we are members of the only true and salvation-giving church, and, as Protestants, we ought to persecute the Catholics." Changing the case, could a Philip the Second of Spain, or a Duke of Alva, or an Inquisitor General say more? Mr Osler is transported with Pellew's consistency and proper spirit; but this author's opinion is entitled to small consideration. He does not even know the history of the times he pretends to describe. His accounts of the warlike operations are sadly confused; in his narratives of the taking of Genoa, of the fall of Murat, and of what took place at Naples between the flight of that King and the return of Ferdinand from Sicily, there is not a single sentence that can be called correct. In some instances his errors would almost appear to be voluntary; but most assuredly the high fame of his hero did not require any falsification of history.

Being elevated to the rank of an Admiral, Pellew commanded in the Baltic, the Indian Ocean, and the Mediterranean. He seems everywhere to have done his duty in an able manner, but after the conquest made by Nelson at Trafalgar, there were but few occasions for brilliant victories; and in the latter years of that war no flag could meet us at sea, and the service of our fleets was mainly confined to blockading ports, and chasing ships that would not stay to fight. At the peace of 1814 Sir Edward was made a Lord; and in 1816, after the well-known bombardment of Algiers, his rank of Baron was changed into that of Viscount. In 1820 he drew upon himself some popular odium by appearing against the Princess of Wales, then Queen Caroline. He died in 1832, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

NEW EDITION OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D.; with a Commentary by the Author of 'England and America.' Vol. II. 12mo. London. 1835. Pp. 475. 5s.

We examined the first volume of this publication at considerable length in our 69th Number, and we refer our readers to that article for an account both of the plan of the edition, and of some of the most re-

markable of the new positions advanced in the portion then reviewed of the very striking commentary here appended to Smith's original text. The notes do not occupy so large a portion of the present volume as they did of the former, extending in all only to about 130 pages; but, besides several minor points, they comprehend a full discussion of one of the most important subjects in the whole science of political economy—the subject of the Rent of Land;—and they present it in certain lights which give the speculations connected with it a new degree of importance in a practical point of view. In reference to this, the most conspicuous portion of its contents, the volume is appropriately embellished with a portrait of the late Mr Ricardo, the most distinguished expositor and defender of the modern theory of rent, and the writer by whose name it is commonly designated. By the bye, in speaking (at page 187) of the discovery of this theory, which, it is stated, "occurred at the same time to three persons, who had not communicated with each other,—Sir Gilbert West, Mr Malthus, and Mr Ricardo," we regret that the editor has omitted to mention the prior claims of a most ingenious and meritorious individual, the late Dr James Anderson. The facts, we believe, are correctly stated in the following extract from the notice of Anderson in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'—

"Dr Anderson is now acknowledged to have been the first who propounded the theory of the origin and progressive increase of rent, which was almost simultaneously reproduced in our own day by Mr Malthus and Sir Gilbert (then Mr) West, and is commonly distinguished by the name of the late Mr Ricardo, who is known to have been in possession of it two years before the publications of these writers appeared, and by whom also it was afterwards elaborately illustrated. Anderson's statement of the doctrine is to be found at page 401 of the eighth volume of his 'Recreations in Agriculture,' published in 1801."—The pamphlet of Mr West and Mr Malthus appeared in 1815.

The consideration of the question in the present work is introduced by a reprint, first, of Mr Ricardo's statement of the modern theory from the third edition of his 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,' and secondly, of the exposition of the doctrine given by Mr Mill in the third edition of his 'Elements of Political Economy.' The editor then presents the summary at once of these explanations, and of his own views, in the following distinct shape:—

"The essence of the Ricardo theory is comprised in these two affirmative positions:—

"1st. That rent consists of the surplus produce of cultivation; surplus, that is, over and above that portion of the produce which replaces capital with ordinary profits.

"2nd. That this surplus produce, or rent, arises from, and is in proportion to, the necessity (caused by the increase of population and capital on a limited field) for resorting to inferior soils, or employing capital on the same soils with inferior returns.

"These affirmative positions are accompanied by others of a negative kind:—

"1st. That nothing is rent but what consists of the surplus produce of cultivation.

"2nd. That this surplus produce never arises, except by means of the necessity for employing more capital with smaller returns.

"The affirmative positions may be true, though the others should be false. Surplus produce, let us assume, always constitutes rent: still rent may be paid, which does not consist of surplus produce. A necessity for employing more capital with smaller returns creates a surplus produce: nevertheless, a surplus produce may be created by other means than that necessity. These distinctions are of the highest importance; for by keeping them in mind, we shall perceive, that while the affirmative positions of the Ricardo theory are unquestionably true, the others are as certainly false."

Proceeding to the consideration of the two negative propositions, both of which he regards as false, he refers in proof of the falsehood of the first to the fact that land is very often required for other purposes than the raising of any commodity for sale. "One land-owner," he remarks, "is said to receive about 100,000*l.* a year as the ground-rent of about 600 acres in a favourite part of London." "To what extent then," he continues, "is the affirmative position true?" The answer is, that "the doctrine

applies to that land only which is used for cultivation with a view to profit."

The second negative position is then taken up; and it is observed that "every occasion on which surplus produce, and therefore rent, increases without the employment of more capital for a less return, goes to disprove that position." Now such a result, it is contended, happens in four cases.

1. Such agricultural improvements may take place as shall permit the cultivation, with a remunerating return, of a quality of land so inferior as to have been previously uncultivated. Upon the very principle of the theory, all better land will now pay an increased rent. That increase of rent, it is true, is here attended by a resort to land of inferior natural fertility. But the cause of the increased rent would not be a necessity for resorting to inferior land: "it would be improvements in agriculture, by means of which the gross produce of capital had been augmented, and inferior land had become fit for cultivation." The disciples of Mr Ricardo would indeed say that unless the effective demand for food increased simultaneously with the application of the agricultural improvement, the latter, instead of inducing the cultivation of inferior soils, would occasion the abandonment of part of the land already cultivated; for the former quantity of corn could now be raised from a smaller extent of land. Instead of a rise, therefore, there would be a fall of rents. The case is put in this very way by Mr Ricardo himself, in his exposition of the theory here quoted. (See pp. 200-201.) "If a million of quarters of corn," he says, "be necessary for the support of a given population, and it be raised on land of the qualities of No. 1, 2, and 3; and if an improvement be afterwards discovered, by which it can be raised on No. 1 and 2, without employing No. 3, it is evident that the immediate effect must be a fall of rent." He adds, indeed, that the fall in the price of corn occasioned by the improvement would naturally tend to increased accumulation, and that to an increased demand for labour, and that to higher wages, and that to an increased population, and that to a further demand for corn, and that to an increased cultivation; so that in process of time the land of the quality No. 3 might be again taken into cultivation. We suppose he would further have admitted that the train of consequences might not stop here, but that, the country having been restored to the state in which it was before the improvement took place, with the two differences—that there was on the one hand an increased population, and on the other a power of raising food at a cheaper rate, the latter circumstance would still operate, just as it did in the first instance, in still further increasing population, till that effect led to the cultivation of ground even of the quality of No. 4. In so far he would agree with his commentator. But the important difference between them still is, that, according to Mr Ricardo, the immediate effect of the improvement would be a fall of rent; whereas, according to the present writer, it would be a rise of rent. Mr Ricardo says it would in the first instance throw the land No. 3 out of cultivation: the writer before us maintains that, so far from that, it would immediately bring additionally into cultivation the inferior land No. 4.

We are the more anxious to call attention to this difference, because the author of the Commentary has not placed it so distinctly before his readers as he might have done. Indeed, curiously enough, he does not, in the course of his remarks, once refer to this portion of Mr Ricardo's statement, even while engaged with the very question which it discusses. In writing his criticism on the Ricardo theory, he appears to have considered it only as laid down in the shorter and more elementary exposition of Mr Mill, where its leading principle alone is explained and illustrated, and the particular point of the effect of agricultural improvements upon rent is not adverted to. Upon that point Mr Ricardo states, that "improvements in agriculture are of two kinds; those which increase the productive powers of the land, and those which enable us by improving our machinery to obtain its produce with less labour." The first, he contends, will always in the first instance

reduces rent, either by throwing inferior soils out of cultivation, or by withdrawing from employment on the land that portion of the cultivator's capital which yields him the least return. Under the second head he includes improvements in agricultural implements, economy in the use of horses employed in husbandry, a better knowledge of the veterinary art, &c. With these, he says, "less capital, which is the same thing as less labour, will be employed on the land; but to obtain the same produce, less land cannot be cultivated." "Whether improvements of this kind, however," he adds, "affect corn rent, must depend on the question whether the difference between the [amounts of] produce obtained by the employment of different portions of capital be increased, stationary, or diminished." If this difference were increased, rents would rise; if the difference remained the same as before, rents would not be affected; but if the difference were diminished, rents would immediately fall.

The author of the Commentary has not attempted any direct refutation of all this, nor indeed, as we have already observed, has he referred to the disquisition at all; but his own deductions are entirely opposed to those of Mr Ricardo. For our own parts, we believe that the present writer is in the right, and that Mr Ricardo has entirely overlooked some of the most material facts bearing upon the question. When an improvement in agriculture is discovered, what, in point of fact, does happen? Let us consider how the land of the country is actually held. It is not, as Mr Ricardo's reasoning would seem to assume, all, or more than a very inconsiderable part of it, in the hands of its proprietors; still less is it all in the hands of one individual. It is occupied by a large number of persons perfectly independent of each other, and the great majority of whom are bound by engagements extending over a longer or shorter period to pay rent, each for the entire quantity he holds, whether he chooses to cultivate it all or no. The consequence is, that when any improvement in cultivation is introduced, two things happen, neither of which is allowed for in Mr Ricardo's speculation. First, the improvement is not adopted by all farmers at once, or in any spirit of combination for the protection of some common interest; secondly, the improvement is not taken advantage of, either by the abandonment of inferior soils, or by the withdrawal of any portion of capital, to raise merely the same quantity of produce at a less expense. On the contrary, the competition of one cultivator with another, and the obligation under which, generally speaking, they all lie to pay rent for every acre they occupy, combine to induce each to apply the improvement in raising at the same expense a greater amount of produce. Every body knows that this is what actually happens. The consequence is, what the present writer, and not what Mr Ricardo states. There is no fall of rents, either by any abandonment of the poorer soils, or by any withdrawal of capital from employment on land. A reduction in the price of food; and the accumulation of capital arising from augmented profits of stock, together contribute to produce an increased population, and all that further train of consequences, which, as we have already seen, terminate in an extension of cultivation, and a rise of rents.

2. The author of the Commentary contends that "a fall in the standard of living amongst the cultivators of the earth is another cause of surplus produce and rent, absolutely rejected by the second negative position of the Ricardo theory." The notion is, that, the cultivators consuming a less portion of what they raise, there will be a larger surplus produce to go to the landlord in the shape of rent. Of course a lower standard of living, producing a fall of wages, will create a rise of profits generally, and, consequently, upon capital invested in land, as well as otherwise. That is to say, there will be both a rise of rents, (that is, a higher return from capital invested in the purchase of land), and also a higher return from all capital applied, whether by landholders or by others, in the cultivation of land. The advantage will be divided though perhaps, not in equal

proportions, between the landlord and the tenant, whenever the latter is possessed of any capital.

3. Another cause of rent, wholly rejected by the Ricardo system, is, it is here contended, that ruinous competition arising from a superabundance of capital, which was explained by the writer in his former volume:—

"During the last twenty years," he says, "the condition of English farmers has been grievously altered for the worse. Half as many farmers, perhaps, as the whole present number amounts to, have been entirely ruined; have lost the whole of their capital; and have been succeeded by others, most of whom are constantly on the verge of insolvency. During the period in question, very many farms have ruined two or three tenants; and no one farmer has made such profits as enabled him to live like the great mass of farmers five-and-twenty years ago. The farmers, like the small shop-keepers of the present day, are a race of beggars when compared with their fathers. They complain that they pay rent out of their capital; and, seeing how many of them are ruined every year, the assertion seems to be true. But is there any lack of competition for farms which become vacant through the ruin of the tenants? None: on the contrary, the competition for such farms, and often at an increased rent (increased when measured in produce), is as keen as during the period when every farmer either made a fortune, or lived as if he had been the owner of his farm.

"Now what," it is added, "is the effect of this competition upon rent? All that portion of the produce, by keeping which for themselves, farmers used to make fortunes or live like landlords, is transferred to the owners of land. It is transferred by means of what Mr Samuel Gurney calls 'the severe competition of the present time.' What the tenant gives up, the landlord gathers."

Accordingly, it has happened that, although in England, during the last twenty years, agricultural rents have fallen when estimated in money, measured, as alone they can be fairly measured, in farm produce, instead of falling, they have actually risen.

4. The last of the four cases in which the rent of land used for agricultural purposes may be increased, without any necessity for resorting to inferior land, is in the highest degree deserving of attention. "The case," says our author, "has actually happened over and over again, in which agricultural rents were raised, by resorting for a supply of one kind of food, to land of a superior natural quality." Among other examples, he instances the case of Genoa.

"Of a most sterile quality," he observes, "by nature, and indeed wholly unfit for the production of corn, the land of that country, nevertheless, yields upon the average a much higher rent than the most fertile corn lands in the not far distant plain of the Po. But by what means? By means of the importation of cheap corn raised on those more fertile lands. This cheapness of corn, by promoting wealth and population, has led to a demand within the territory of Genoa, for agricultural objects, such as vegetables, fruit, olive-oil, wine, and silk, which that land is capable of producing; and thus land, which, if it had been employed in growing corn, would never have yielded a produce beyond the cost of production, or any rent, now yields—the cost of production being low, by means of the low price of imported food—a large surplus produce, and a high rent. With respect to rent, what would happen in Holland, if the people of that country were debarred from obtaining cheap corn elsewhere; were thus compelled to raise at home, with a vast increase of the cost of production, all the food which they consume? In that case, if surplus produce be the measure of rent, rents would fall in exact proportion to the decrease of surplus produce. The produce of land would be raised with a greater outlay; less of it, therefore, in the shape of surplus, would remain for the landlords. As rents would thus be lowered in Holland by compelling the people of that country to raise the whole of their food at home, so our corn laws seem to prevent agricultural rents from being raised here by means of the importation of cheap corn. What has actually happened in Holland might take place here. By importing cheap corn, we should create a new demand for all sorts of agricultural produce exclusive of corn: the chief article of the labourer's food, being cheap, all those other sorts of produce would be raised at less cost, so as to leave a larger surplus for the landlord. This, perhaps, in a country which possessed an unlimited manufacturing power of buying cheap corn from other countries, and where no limit could be assigned to the demand for many sorts of agricultural produce exclusive of corn, would become the most powerful cause of rent. The highest rent occasioned by the importation of corn from countries where corn is produced at the least cost; by resorting to lands, not of inferior, but of superior quality, for the purpose of raising common

food! It is not in general, but in particular and express terms, that this cause of rent is rejected by the second negative position of the Ricardo theory. Nay, if that position were true, the process here described would cause a fall of rents."

We are now in a condition to perceive the limit within which the second affirmative position of the Ricardo theory is true.

"The necessity for employing capital with smaller returns," the note proceeds, "is not an universal cause of rent: it is only one cause of rent; and the only sort of rent of which it ever is the cause, is payment for the use of that land only which is used in growing the common food of the people. This limitation of the doctrine indicates its vast importance. The one cause of one sort of rent pointed out by the Ricardo theory, seldom operates in any country of which the inhabitants are allowed to import their common food from soils more fertile than their own; and in proportion as it does operate in such cases it checks or prevents the operation of another cause of rent, which seems to be the more powerful of the two. The high rent paid in Holland is not what may be termed a necessity rent: it is a surplus-produce rent, depending upon the absence of any necessity for obtaining the common food of the people by successive applications of capital with less and less return. While, moreover, the progress of a necessity rent is surely accompanied by a deterioration in the state of the bulk of the people, in consequence of the greater exchangeable value of common food in relation to labour; while this is the inevitable result of a necessity for employing capital with less returns in the production of common food, the other increase of rent,—that which arises from an increase of surplus produce, by means of obtaining common food from superior, though foreign soils,—may take place not only without any deterioration, but with an improvement in the state of the bulk of the people. Adam Smith, with his distinctions between common food and other sorts of produce, had some notion of this difference. Mr Ricardo did not perceive it; but then he has clearly shown, what Adam Smith can hardly be said to have perceived—that there is a cause of rent, which, for the sake of a more powerful cause of rent, and above all for the good of the people, ought to be carefully avoided. Such is the inestimable value of the Ricardo theory, when all the different causes of surplus produce are considered."

This abstract of a portion of one of the discussions which it contains, may serve as a sufficient specimen of the ingenuity, novelty, and importance of the speculations to be found in the present volume. We cannot further pursue our analysis even of the single note with which we have been hitherto engaged, though the remaining portion of it also is full of new, interesting, and valuable matter. The manner in which agriculture and manufactures act and re-act upon each other—the relations between rent and price—and the distinction taken by Mr Ricardo and his followers between what they call properly rent, and the remainder of the payment popularly so designated—are the subjects which it discusses. In subsequent notes, the author considers the comparative advantages and disadvantages of a paper and a metallic currency—(this note contains a reprint of Mr Ricardo's plan, from his 'Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency,' published in 1816)—the questions of the distinctions drawn by Smith,—first, between the produce of capital and labour which becomes stock and that which is expended as revenue; and, secondly, between what he calls productive and unproductive labour—and the different degrees of merit or importance assigned by the same great teacher to the seven different modes which he enumerates of employing capital. To Smith's chapter on Stock Lent at Interest, also, in which with so remarkable a forgetfulness of his own principles everywhere else asserted, and of the spirit of all the rest of his work, he contends for the interference of government in fixing the terms on which money shall be borrowed by one man from another, is affixed a reprint of the whole of the admirable letter addressed to him in 1787, by Bentham, 'On the Discouragement Opposed by Laws against Usury to the Progress of Inventive Industry,' which is stated to have induced him to abandon the opinions he had expressed upon that subject, although he did not live to announce his conversion to the world in a new edition of his book.

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney street.